



A FOREORDAINED AFFAIR.

It was foreordained from the beginning, so said their friends, and both sets of parents having put the seal of their approval upon it, there was nothing for the two young people to do but to submit tamely to the wise orderings of providence and the older people.

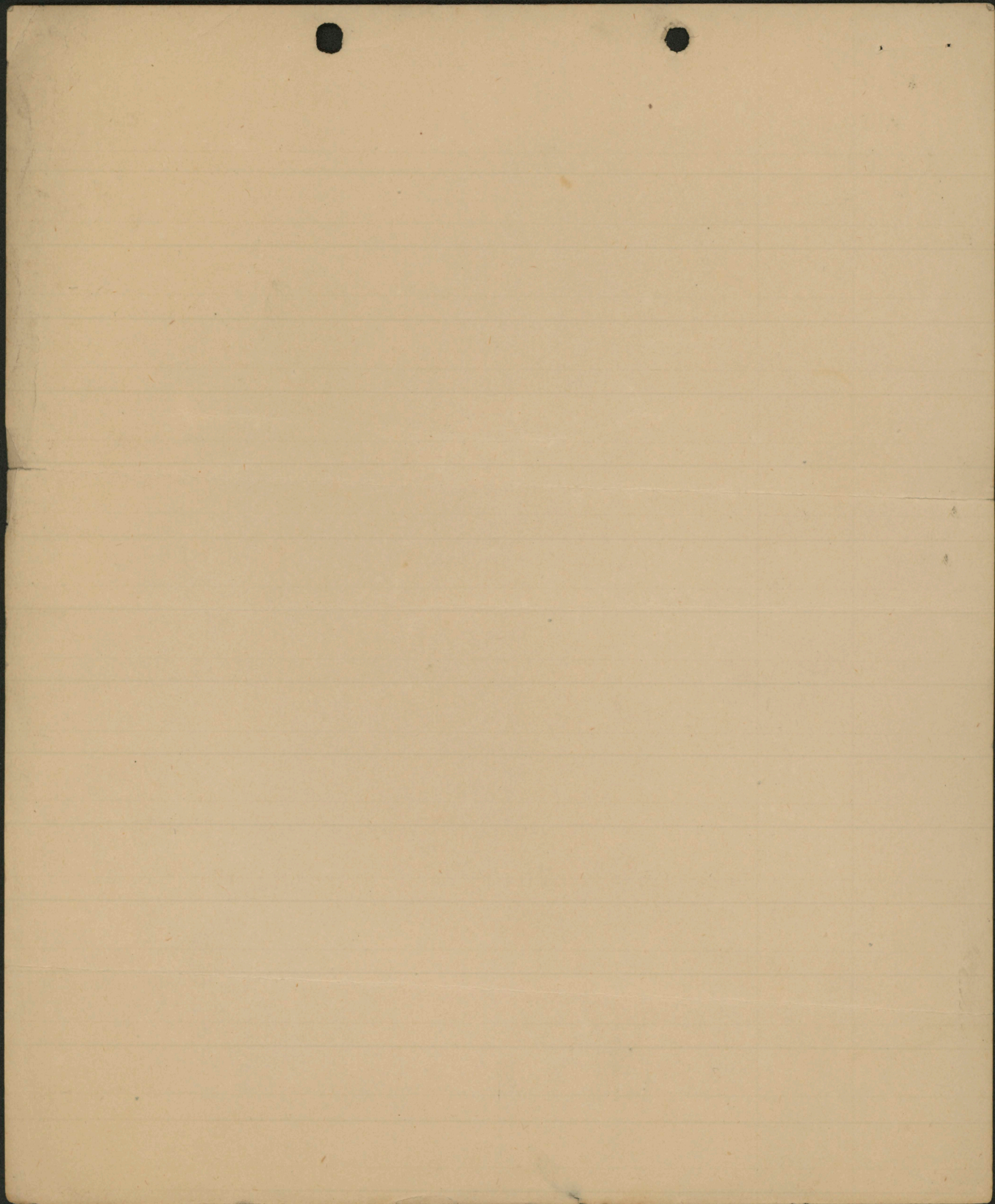
But they were not the sort of young people who submit tamely without very good reasons, and their hearts were bitter within them as they discussed their future.

"Because I play the piano and you play the violin, I don't see why we have to marry," said Laura bitterly, as they sat and talked it over one day.

"Nor do I, and because the old gentlemen are business ~~partners~~ partners, I don't see why they should look to us to unite the firm further."

"Nor does the fact that my mother was your mother's bridesmaid interest me particularly."

"And I don't care if our fathers were college chum--ps." Hi-





[Forced lined...]

2".

lary laughed at his own joke, but Laura's face remained severe.

"I don't love you," she snapped, looking at him savagely.

"Great heavens, who asked you to?" he growled, "If I thought you were in love with me, I'd go off and hang myself."

"I believe you do want to marry me," she continued distrustfully, "I believe you came around this very morning to ask me."

"You've got a higher opinion of yourself than I have. I wouldn't have you if you had a hundred million to your dot." He got up and walked around the floor, hands in his pockets and glowered at her. "Think of having a wife around who didn't do anything but bang the piano all day!"

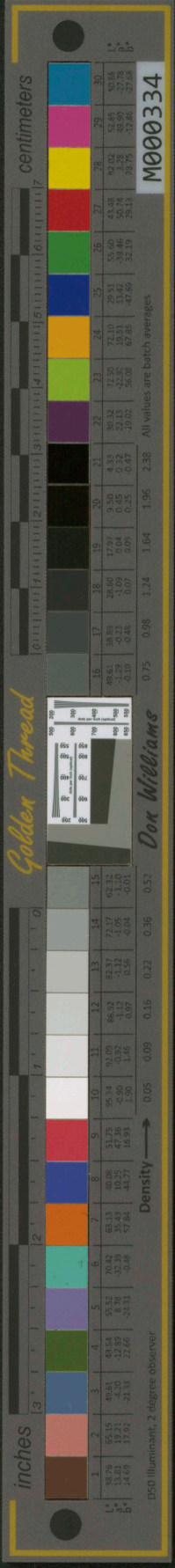
"At least I keep some sort of time and tune and that, s more than you can say," she retorted.

"Well, if I do play the violin villianously, it's because I never have a decent accompanist."

"What's the use of your having a decent accompanist, as you are pleased to term it? A three year old child would play good enough for your fiddle scraping."

"Now Minnie Holmes can play decently, but if I go over there to

play wit



A FOREORDAINED AFFAIR.

IT WAS FOREORDAINED FROM THE BEGINNING?SO SAID THE



[Forcedained...]

3.

play with her, there's such a fog raised all around that I get no pleasure out of it. "

"Who raises a fog? I don't. I get tired of listening to your discords. I'm glad when you can go somewhere else and give me a chance to cultivate someone's else's acquaintance. I'd much rather play for Lindley Hall to sing."

"Oh, you would, would you. Well, I only come to see you because the governor and the mater dog me into it. I would much rather go to see Minnie."

Laura gave a little sneer. "Would Minnie much rather have you come to see her?" she queried.

Hilary turned on her savagely, "Well, I don't know why not."

"Why not?"

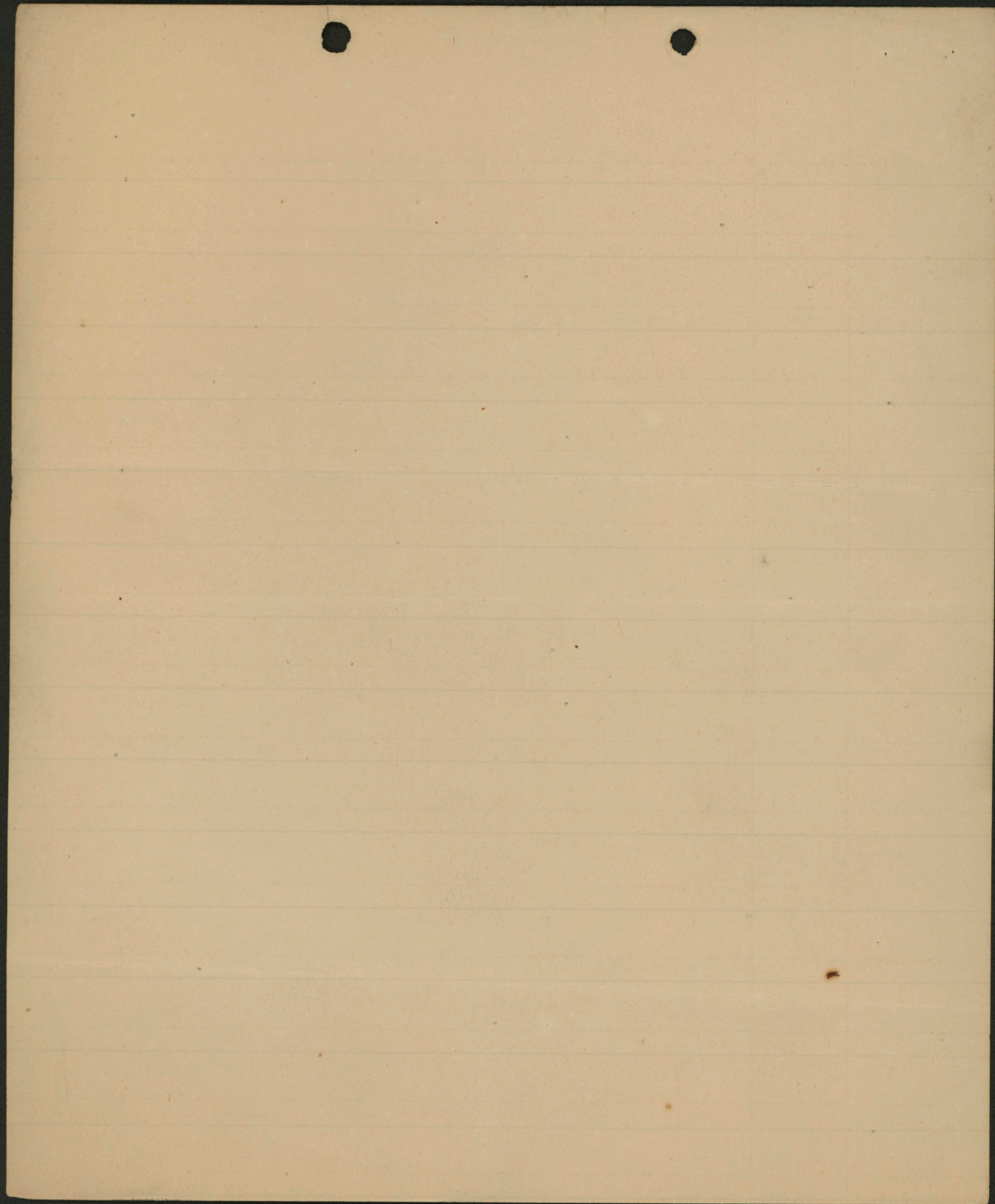
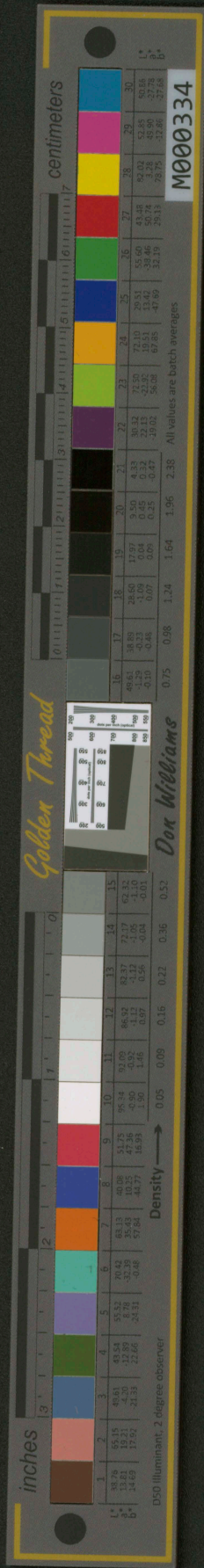
"Yes, why not?"

Her eagerness suddenly vanished and she employed herself in warefully plucking an imaginary thread from her sleeve.

"I spoke to you," he grumbled.

"She raised her eyebrows indifferently, "Did you?" she queried sweetly.

"we





M000334

[Foreordained.]

4.

"Yes, I did." His temper was going and going rapidly.

"So you did, well, what of it?"

"Plenty of it, I spoke, you should have answered."

She was disputation at once. "Why?" she queried in the tone of one making a scientific investigation. "Why?" When I was a little girl and we played together you used to make me do things I didn't want to because you were a boy and bigger than I, but why should I do it now?"

He snorted in rage. She sat indolently, disconcertingly cool. He ramped up and down the floor in a noisy effort to control himself. She went back to the imaginary thread.

Finally he swallowed most of his rage and let the rest stay purple in his face.

"Why shouldn't Minnie be glad to see me?" he queried with dangerous calmness.

"Surely a girl would prefer to see the man to whom she is engaged and resent all other men as intrusions."

The purple faded from his face and it became very red instead.

"Why--why--why--" he stammered, "well--you and I are supposed



to be engaged and I know we prefer the society of others--at least I do."

"Of course, we both do, I more than you can possibly know, but ours is an exceptional case. Most engaged people are in love with each other. Minnie is in love with her fiancé."

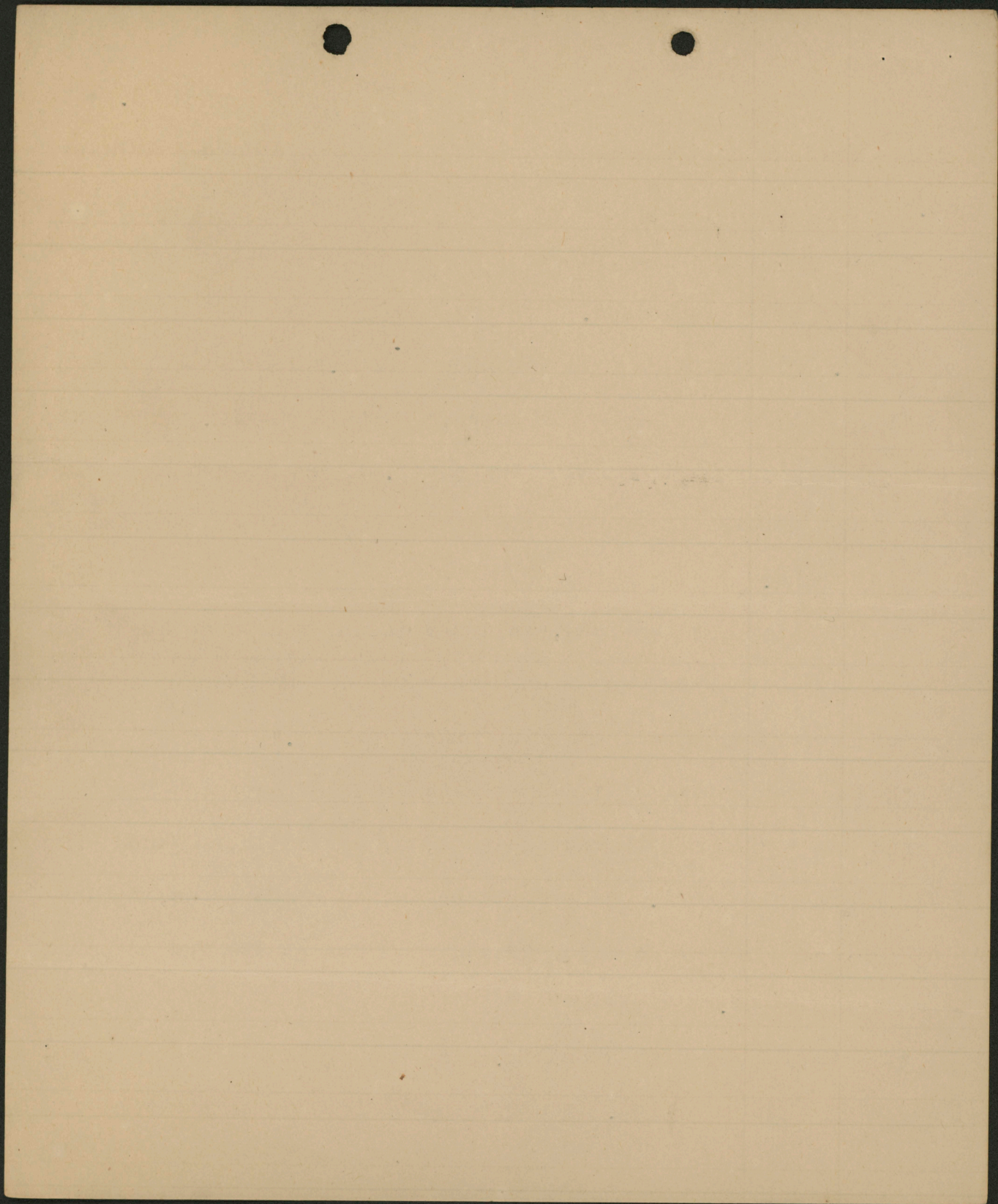
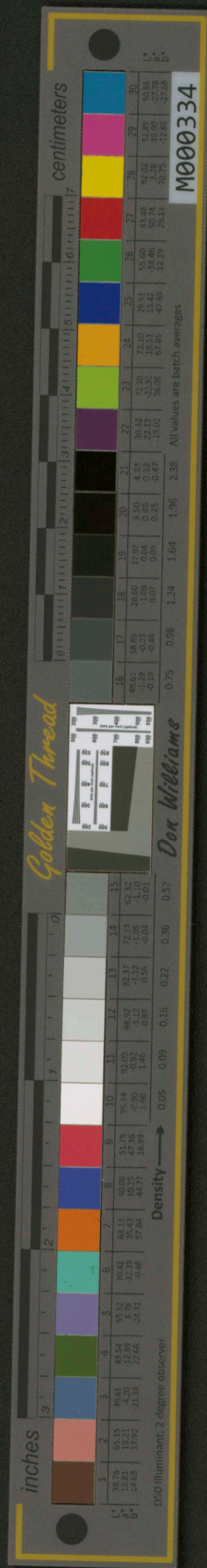
"I didn't know Minnie was engaged," he said slowly. The next minute he could have bitten his tongue out. Laura raised her eyes to his and there was the faintest gleam of amusement and sarcasm in their depths.

"Oh, didn't you?" she said, "well she is, and I have no doubt but that you have bored her very much with your violin when she'd rather have been enjoying herself by being made love to."

"How do you know that I didn't make love to her?"

"On the evenings you practised? Oh, no, dear child, I know your violin playing too well. Before you begin, you are nervous; in the intervals, you are warm and fidgety and when you finish you are proud and self-conscious."

"That's all you know about it. Any man would be in such a condition who played with you. I am proud and self conscious when I





finish because I have triumphed over your piano playing."

Laura bit her lip. For a little she would have looked annoyed. But she recovered quickly, and turned to the imaginary thread for an instant.

"I didn't know Minnie played so extraordinarily well. When we were at school together, she was considered very poor."

"Perhaps, but schools don't know all, and then Minnie is a pretty girl and they are always in the wrong according to their less favoured sisters."

Her colour was rising, "Beauty or lack of it doesn't influence professors. Minnie couldn't pass the simplest musical examination!"

"Perhaps not, but when we play together, we are --what is the word--simpatica, that's everything, you know."

He was having his inning now and it was evident that he enjoyed it.

Laura flushed and paled. He stood looking down at her with a conscious smile in his eyes. She raised her own quickly and caught his look before he could turn his head. It was enough. She saw he was trying to tease and she yawned coolly.



[Foreordained...]

7.

"Just what Lindley Hall says when I play for him," she said in a bored tone.

"I suppose he thinks he can sing," he sniffed.

"About fifty per cent better than you can play."

There was silence in the room for about two minutes. Laura clasped her hands indolently in her lap. Hilary paced the floor chewing the ends of an incipient mustache.

"What came around here this morning for--" he began.

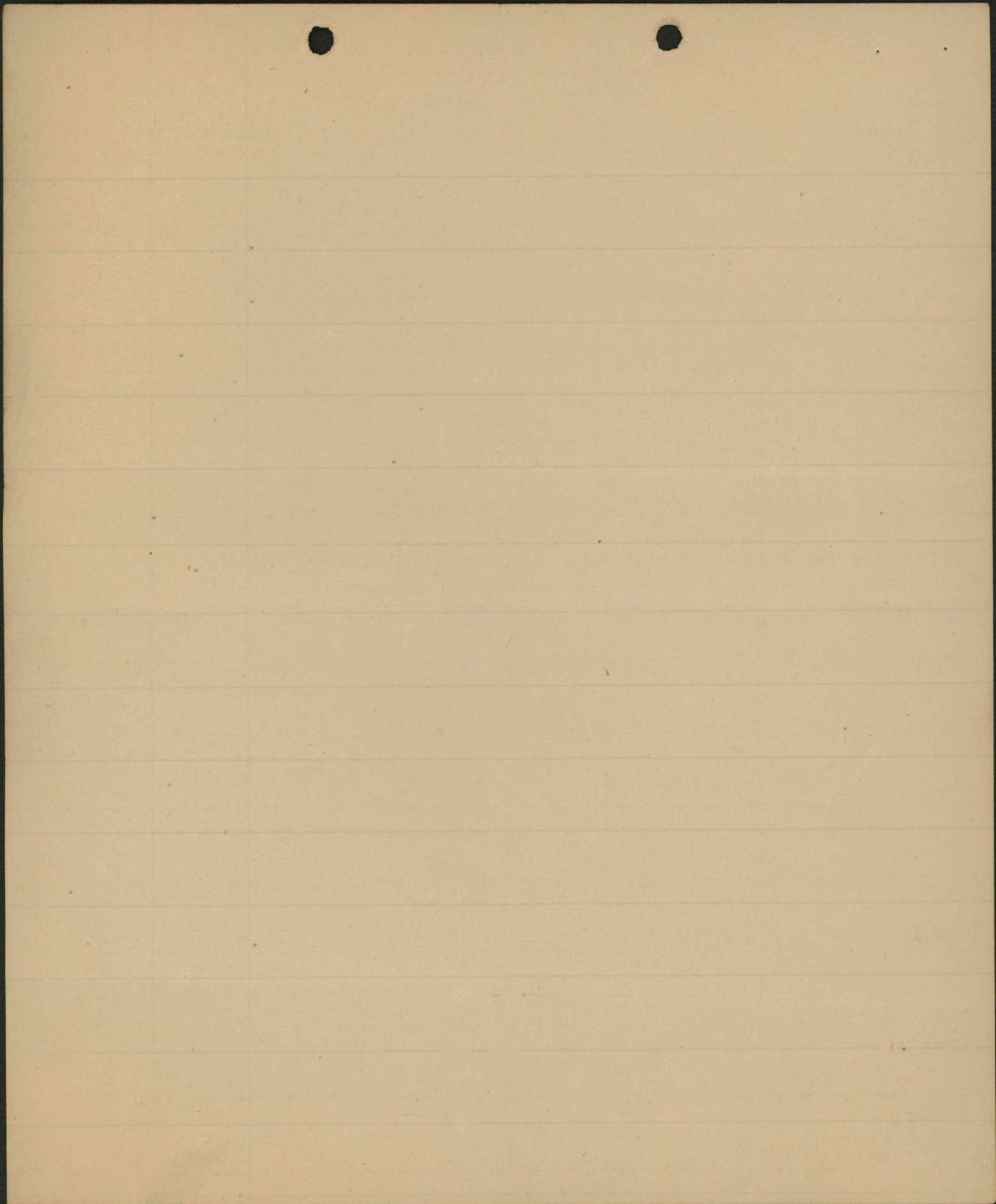
"Was to ask me to marry you," she finished calmly.

"Your conceit is something stupendous," he replied angrily, pausing in his walk to stare at her as if she were part of an escaped menagerie.

"Oh, I don't think you're in love with me, far from it. But you haven't courage enough to say so to your mother and father and to tell them as I have told mine, once for all that you won't have me. You lack courage, something a woman admires in a man."

"I do not," he said angrily, "I have all the courage many men needs."

"Bah," she sneered, "if you had any do you suppose you'd be here now?"





8.

here now, standing before me with a proposal of marriage, not because you care two pins about me, but because your mother and father sent you?"

He was very white now and his face twitched violently.

"I came over this morning, Miss Kane," he said with deadly calm, "to ask you to try a new piece of music with me."

"Oh," she said foolishly. Her face was painfully red, and she tripped in her skirt as she went to the piano. Her fingers were all thumbs as she turned the page of music which he laid coldly on the rack.

"I--I--beg your pardon," she said somewhat lamely after three wretched attempts at the opening bars.

"Not at all," he rejoined politely, "it only proves what I say that Minnie Holmes is a better musician than you."

"And proves what I say, that Lindley Hall is a bigger man than you, for he would never have said what you said."

"Perhaps not, maybe he wouldn't have been taunted into it. I would never have said as much to Minnie because--"

"Then take your old music to Minnie," she cried twirling around.





on the piano stool." I wouldn't play for you if--if--" she broke down and rushed to the window to hide her tears.

Hilary was by ^{her} side in an instant. "Why, I, Laura, Laura, child," he said, "I didn't mean to hurt you, I--I--oh, heavens what's a man to do when his hands are full?" For he still held the violin and bow.

Laura turned from the window and surveyed him curiously, a shine of laughter gleaming through her tears.

"What do you want to do?" she inquired with a half laugh, half sob.

"Er--er--oh, pshaw, he threw the bow to the floor and put the violin down not too tenderly in ^a ~~re~~ ^{easy} ~~re~~ chair," just like you to make fun of a fellow when he's trying to do his best."

"I'm--I'm--not making fun, she sobbed again, "you're always misjudging me. I'm--I'm--glad I don't have to be your wife. I'd be the most miserable woman on earth."

"Of course you would," he assented, his arms were close around her, his lips to her ears. "That's why we won't marry. I did have hopes of Minnie, but since she's engaged, I suppose I must look fur-

ther

inches

3

2

1

0

centimeters

17

16

15

14

13

12

11

10

9

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7

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5

4

3

2

1

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Golden Thread

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

Don Williams

0.05

0.09

0.15

0.22

0.36

0.52

D50 Illuminant, 2 degree observer

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

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10

11

12

13

14

15

Density

0.05

0.09

0.15

0.22

0.36

0.52

M000334

0.75

0.98

1.24

1.64

1.96

2.38

All values are batch averages

15

16

17

18

19

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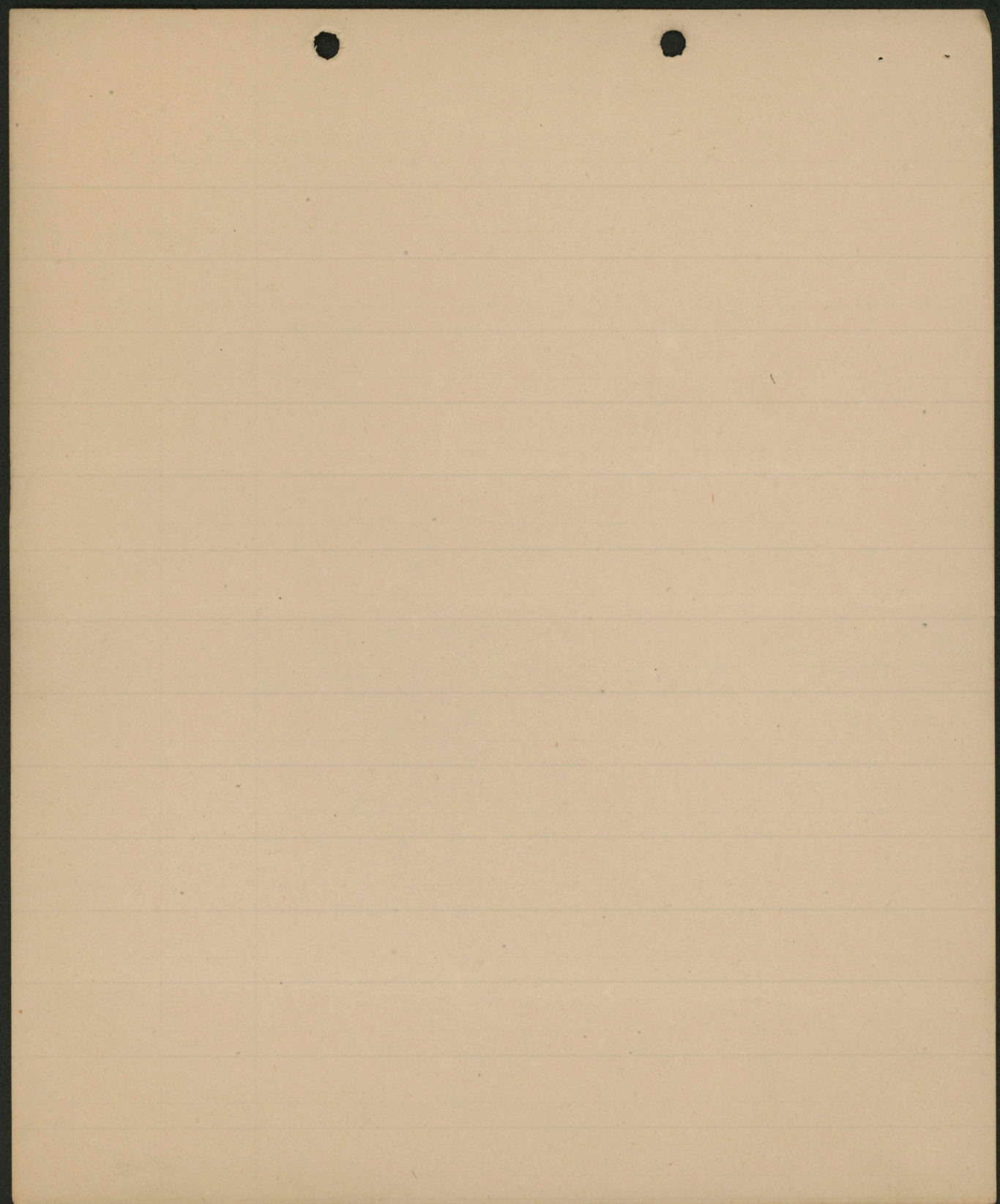
11

12

13

14

15





there. you still have Lindley Hall though."

"I hate Lindley Hall," she said violently.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Didn't I see you at the communion table last Sunday, and you're hating someone already?"

"Besides, he's the one who's engaged to Minnie Holmes."

"Whew--ew--oh! That's it, is it? No wonder he's being hated so strenuously."

Laura dried her tears and pushed herself from the close embrace.

"Aren't we better go back to the music?" she said stiffly.

"Bother the music, besides, I don't know where I put my bow."

"I'll try to play as well as your dear Minnie."

"Never mind about Minnie. I didn't come over here to play anyhow."

"Oh, didn't you?" she was back on the piano stool, and a dimple flickered in her cheek as she spoke.

"No, I didn't. I came over here because I had an interview with the governor this morning."

"I told you so," with a triumphant air.

inches

3 2 1 0

Golden Thread

centimeters

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0



D50 Illuminant, 2 degree observer

Density

0.05 0.09 0.15 0.22 0.36 0.52

Don Williams

All values are batch averages

M000334

11.

"Of course you did. I wouldn't *have* denied you the pleasure of saying those words for worlds."

"I knew you came because you were sent."

"I was not sent."

"Of course not."

"The old man is sending me to Europe for six months in the interest of the firm, and he said that after talking it over with you father, they had decided that we needn't marry for a year or two. And so I came to tell you."

"Six months?"

"yes."

"Well, our wedding is deferred." She rose and walked aimlessly about the room. "That's good news anyhow."

He followed her where she paused beside the fireplace.

"Hav'n't we better make it a bridal tour *But you said so* Laura?" he asked.

She nestled comfortably in the welcoming arms. "people will say we married each other for convenience," she objected, "and that we didn't dare go against our parents' will."

"But we are going against their will. They want us to wait for a year or so."





[Forerdaired...]

12.

"But we don't love each other, " she persisted, "and I always wanted to marry for love." She nestled closer to him and put one arm about his neck.

"Of course, we don't love each other," he replied, kissing her gently. "Anyone could tell that by the way we quarrel."

Alice Dunbar.

inches

Golden Thread

centimeters



M000334

D50 Illuminant, 2 degree observer

Density

Don Williams

All values are batch averages

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
L*	39.12	65.43	49.87	44.26	55.56	70.82	62.81	39.92	52.24	97.06	92.02	87.34	82.17	72.06	62.15
a*	13.24	18.11	-4.34	-13.80	9.82	-33.43	34.26	11.81	48.55	-0.40	-0.60	-0.75	-1.06	-1.19	-1.07
b*	15.07	18.72	-22.29	22.85	-24.49	-0.35	59.60	-46.07	18.51	1.13	0.73	0.21	0.44	0.28	0.19

face remained severe.

"I don't love you," she snapped, looking at him savagely.

"Great Heavens, who asked you to?" he growled, "if I ^{thought} you were in love with me, I'd go off and hang myself."

"I believe you do want to marry me," she continued distastefully. "I believe you came around this very morning to ask me."

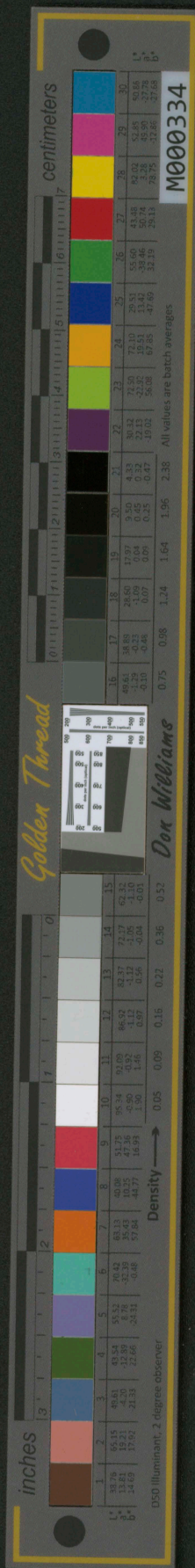
"You've got a higher opinion of yourself than I have. I wouldn't have you if you had a hundred millions to give ~~diff. ^{and} safe too.~~" He put up and raked about the floor boards in his pockets and glowered at her, "think of having a wife around who didn't do anything but bury the pains all day."

"At least I keep ^{a 3rd} best of time and time and that's more than you can say," she retorted.

"Well, if I do play the violin well, only it's because I never have a decent accompanist."

"What's the use of having a decent accompanist as you are pleased to term it? A three year old child would play good enough for your fiddle scraping."

"Now Minnie Holmes can play ^{decently}



It was foreordained from the beginning
to send the ~~sons~~ ^{friends}, and both sets
of parents having put their own
of approval upon the foreordina-
tion, there was nothing for the
two young people to do but to
submit tamely to the wise
orderings of Providence and the
older people.

But they were not the sort of
young people who submit tamely
without very good reasons and their
hearts were bitter within them as
they discussed their future.

"Because I play the piano & you
play the violin, I don't see why we
have to marry," said Laura bitterly.
So they sat & talked it over one day.

"Not so I. And because the old gentle-
man and business partners, I don't
see why they should look to us to
write the future further."

"Nor does the fact that my mother
was your mother's bridesmaid
interest me particularly."

"And, I don't care if the ~~old~~ fathers
were college chums — po." Henry
laughed at his own joke, but Laura's



centimeters
M000334

Don Williams

Don Williams

Density

150 Illuminant, 2 degree observer

35
385
970

1974
300
2274

3

31
217
434

1204
770
1914

[Foreordained...?]

434
770
1204

but if I go out there to play this such a fog raised
all around, I get no pleasure out of it."

"Who raises a fog? I don't. I get tired of listening to your
discards. I'd much rather play for Shirley Hall to
day. I'm glad when you come somewhere else & give me
a chance to cultivate his acquaintance."

"If you are, are you? Well, I don't come to see you because
the women & the matter dog me into it. ⁴³⁹ I would
much rather go to Minnie."

I saw you a little since. "Would Minnie much rather
have you come & see her?" she queried.

"Hearing him on her sawagely, "Well I don't know why
not."

"Why not?"

"Yes, why not?"

Her easiness suddenly vanished and she employed her
self in carefully plucking an imaginary feather from her
back.

"I spoke to you," he growled.

"She raised her eyebrows indifferently. "Did you?" she
queried slowly.

"Yes, I did," his temper was going & going rapidly.

"So you did, well what of it?"

"Plenty of it. I spoke. You should have answered."

"He was disputatious at once. "Why?" she queried in the tone
of one wishing to investigate a scientific subject. "Why?"

He mounted on rage. She sat indolently, disconcertingly cool.
He rumped up & down the floor in a noisy effort to control
himself. She went back to the imaginary thread.

Finally he swallowed most of his rage and let the rest stay
purple on his face.

"Why shouldn't Minnie be glad to see me?" he queried
with dampened calmness.

"Surely a girl would prefer to see the man to whom she is en-
gaged & reject all other men as intruders."

The purple faded from his face & it became very red instead.

"Why - why - why -" he stammered, "Well, you & I are popularly supposed to be engaged and I know we prefer the society of others - at least I do."

"Of course, we both do, I must show you can possibly know, but this is an exceptional case. Most engaged people are in love with each other. Minnie is in love with her fiancé."

"I didn't know Minnie was engaged" he said shortly. The next minute he could have bitten his tongue out. Laura raised her eyes to his and there was the faintest gleam of sarcastic amusement in their depths.

"Oh didn't you?" she said. "Well, she is, and I have no doubt but that you have been her very much with your violin when she'd rather have been enjoying herself by being made love to."

"How do you know I didn't make love to her?"
 "On the ^{evening} ~~intermediate~~ ^{figures} ~~figures~~ ^{practised}. Oh no, dear child, I know your violin-playing too well. Before you begin you are nervous, in the intervals you are warm and puffy, and when you finish you are proud & self-conscious."

"That's all you know about it. Any man would be in such a condition who played with you. I am proud & self-conscious when I finish because I have triumphed over your piano playing."

Laura bit her lip. For a little she would have looked annoyed. But she recovered quickly and turned to the thread for an instant.

"I didn't know Minnie played extraordinarily well. When we were at school together she was considered very poor."

"Perhaps. But schools don't know all, and then Minnie was a pretty girl and they are always in the wrong according to their less favoured sisters," said L.

Her colour was rising. "Beauty" doesn't influence women professors. Minnie couldn't pass the simplest musical examination."

"Perhaps, but when we play together we are what is the word - simpática - that's everything you know."

He was having his running round & it was evident that he enjoyed it.

Laura flushed ^{and} faded. He stood looking down at her

centimeters

Golden Thread

inches

M000334

All values are batch averages

Dox Williams

Density

D50 Illuminant, 2 degree observer

[Foreordained ...?]

with a cunning smile in his eyes. She raised her eyebrows quickly & caught his look before he could turn her head. It was enough. She saw he was trying to tease and she frowned coolly. "Just what Lindley Hall says when I play for him," she said in a bored tone.

"I suppose he thinks he can sing?" he snuffed.

"About fifty per cent better than you can play."

There was silence in the room for about two minutes. Laura clasped her hands indolently in her lap. Henry sat pained the floor chewing the ends of an incipient mustache.

"What I came around this morning for —" he began.

"Was to ask me to marry you," she finished calmly.

"Your concert is something stupendous," he replied simply, parking in his neck to stare at her as if she were ~~some~~ ^{what} escaped memories.

"Oh, I don't think you're in love with me, far from it. But you haven't courage enough to say so to your mother & father & to tell them once for all that you won't have me. You lack courage — smiling a woman adorns in a man." ~~If you have any~~

"I do not," he said angrily. "I have all the courage any man needs."

"Bah," she smiled, "if you had any do you suppose you'd be here now standing before me with a proposal of marriage, not because you care two pence about me but because your mother & father want you?"

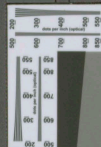
He was very white now and his face flushed violently.

"I came over this morning, Miss Lane," he said with deadly calm, "to ask you to try a new piece of music with me."

"Oh," she said foolishly. Her face was painfully red, and she tugged in her skirt as she went to the piano. Her fingers were all thumbs as she turned the page of music which he laid coldly on the rack.

"I beg your pardon," she said somewhat lamely after three attempts at the opening bars.

"Not at all," he rejoined politely, "it only shows what I say. That Minnie Holmes is a better musician than you."



Density	0.05	0.15	0.22	0.36	0.57	0.75	0.98	1.24	1.64	1.96	2.38	All values are batch averages
1	38.76	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	
2	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	
3	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	
4	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	
5	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	
6	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	
7	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	
8	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	
9	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	
10	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	
11	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	
12	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	
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14	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	
15	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	13.21	

"And proves what I said that Lindley Hall is a bigger man than you, for he would never have said what you said."

"Perhaps not, maybe he wouldn't have been tempted into it. I would never have said as much to Minnie because —

"Then take your old music to Minnie," she cried vehemently, turning around in the piano stool. "I wouldn't play for you again if — if —" She broke down and ~~burst~~ ^{burst} ~~her face~~ ^{her face} and rushed to the window to hide her tears.

Henry was by her side in an instant. "Why, Laura, Laura, child," he said, "I didn't mean to hurt you — I — I — oh heavens what is a man to do when his hands are full?" for he still held the violin & bow.

"Laura turned from the window & surveyed him curiously, a shadow of laughter gleaming in her eyes.

"What do you want to do?" she inquired with a half laugh, half sob.

"Ever — oh, please," he turned the bow to the floor & put the violin down not too tenderly in a rocking chair. "Just like you to make fun of a fellow when he's trying to do his best."

"I'm — I'm not making fun," she sobbed again. "You're always misjudging me. I'm — I'm glad I don't have to be your wife. I'd be the most miserable woman on earth."

"Of course, you would," he assented. His arms were close around her, his lips to her ears. "That's why we won't marry. I did have hopes of Minnie, but since she's engaged I suppose I must look further. You still have Lindley Hall — though."

"I hate Lindley Hall," she said violently. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Didn't I see you at the communion table last Sunday, and you're hating someone already?"

"Besides his ^{home where} engaged to Minnie Holmes."

"Where — aw — oh, that's it, is it? No wonder his being hated so tremendously."

Laura dried her tears and pushed herself from the

Close embrace.

Close embrace.
'Hadn't we better go back to the music?' she said stiffly.
"Butter the music, besides I don't know where I put my
bow." "I'll ~~understand~~^{try} to play as well as your dear music."

"Never mind about Minnie. I didn't come over here to play
anyhow!" 2nd ch. came back in the same stool, and ad

"Oh, didn't you?" she went back in the pained stool, and a dimple feathered in her cheek as she spoke.

"No, I didn't. I came over here because I had an interview with the governor this morning."

"I told you so," with a triumphant air.

"Of course you did. I wouldn't have denied you the pleasure of saying those words for worlds."

"I know you came because you were sent."

"I was not sure."

"Of course not."

"The old man is sending me to Europe for ^{more} six months ^{for} in the interest of the firm and he said he had decided that ^{it was} ~~it was~~ ^{the} precedent ^{was} ~~was~~ many for a year or more. And so I came to tell you

"Six months."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Well, our wedding is deferred." She rose and washed ^{aim-}lessly about the room. "That's good news, anyhow."

He followed her when she had passed outside the fire place

"Hav'n't we better make it a bridal tour, Laura?" he asked.

She nestled comfortably in the welcoming arms. "People will say we married each other for convenience," she objected "and that we didn't dare go against our parents' will."

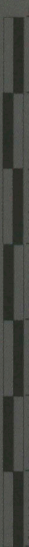
'But we are going against their will. They want us to wait for a year or so.'

"But we don't live each other," she persisted, "and I always wanted to marry for love," she nestled closer to him and put one arm about his neck.

"Of course we don't love each other," he said, replying
kissed her gently, "anyone could tell that by the way
we quarrel."

— Feb. 22.

Feb. 27.

Density $\rightarrow$

Don Williams

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